

The Musical World.

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ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S PRIVATE BAND.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—You will I hope excuse my trespassing upon your valuable space; but, in consequence of the appearance of a letter in the *Musical World* of the 20th inst., signed "Truth" (a letter which all acquainted with the facts must acknowledge merited its signature), Mr. Anderson has, in his endeavour to find out the author, thought fit to rest his suspicions upon me, and to accuse me to others of being the writer; resting his suspicions upon an assumed similarity of remarks in that letter and certain remarks contained in a private correspondence which took place between us last autumn relative to professional affairs. That correspondence I must, if necessary for my own exoneration, make public; since, if uncontradicted, Mr. Anderson's present declarations amount to a direct attack upon my character.

Mr. Anderson threatens that if the letter in your Journal should be traced to myself or any member of H. M.'s P. B., he (Mr. Anderson) shall immediately give orders that such person is refused further admittance into the Queen's Palace. Whether such an extent of power is vested in the office Mr. A. occupies I know not; but from the tone in which the threat was conveyed, I have no reason to doubt his inclination to put it into execution. Therefore, as an act of courtesy no less than of justice, I trust you will kindly insert this note, and deny (as you have the power of doing) that I have ever had communication with your Journal previous to this date.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged servant,

EDMUND CHIPP.

Musician in Ordinary to Her Majesty,
and Member of Her Majesty's Private
Band.

January 30th, 1855.

[Mr. Chipp speaks literally the fact. Not merely has he never had any previous communication with this Journal, but we never even saw his hand-writing until now. It is, therefore, scarcely requisite to add that he is *not* the author of the letter signed "Truth."—Ed. M. W.]

JULLIEN AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Daily News* by a correspondent:—"Sir, your correspondent 'X' (of Jan. 31st), considers that music is essential to the prosperity of the Crystal Palace. In that case the Company would do well to think of the words of William Cobbett: 'There is but one man in the world who can save the country; why don't you send him to Parliament?' Now there is one man in the musical world to whom the middle, and what is vulgarly called the lower order of society, owe a debt of gratitude, for affording them the opportunity of hearing first-rate music at a price suited to their means—it is Jullien. Could he and his well-trained band be engaged but a few months, thousands would visit Sydenham. Such an arrangement need not interfere with the present band, which for the garden is perfection.—Y."

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

SOMEWHAT more than thirty years since, Carl Maria Von Weber produced an opera which holds the same place on the lyrical that *The Robbers* of Schiller fills on the dramatic stage. *Der Freischütz* is romantic, fantastic, and, above all, essentially German. The scene could properly be transferred to no other country. The Huntsman's Chorus, the Bridesmaids' Chorus, the drinking song, the incantation scene, are thoroughly German, and perfect pictures, in which proportion, shape, and colour are equally good. In the days when this opera was written, the romantic drama was unknown in France. Victor Hugo had not given to his countrymen those immortal works which associate his name with a new school—*Ruy Blas*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, and many others. Tragedy walked in stately guise, with hoop and farthingale; and the barbarous Shakspeare was shaven, trimmed down, begloved, and berouged, until he was shorn of those horrid excrescences, which made his name a bye-word in the country of Racine and Corneille. "*Monsieur Macbeth! Monsieur Macbeth! Monsieur Macbeth! Prenez garde de Monsieur Macduff!*" is a fair sample of the style of translation then in vogue. In those days then, and deeply imbued with the idea that there existed but one school for the drama, and that school the French, lived one Castil-Blaze. (He still lives—but, happily, is harmless.) Castil-Blaze had travelled on the Continent, and, as he himself informs us, had purchased at Florence and Frankfort eighty or ninety pounds' weight of the various modern compositions then most in vogue. Among the mass of operas so bought by M. Castil-Blaze, was *Der Freischütz*; and, finding himself possessed of a masterpiece in savage shape, he immediately determined to fit it with breeches, bag-wig, and sword, and make it worthy of the then French lyrical stage and of himself. Accordingly he at once transferred the scene to England, with the barbarous language of which country he fancied he had some acquaintance. The extent of his research may be imagined, by his transferring the scene to a forest, *chez vous*, and then translating Robin Hood (who was to replace the Zamiel of the original) into Robin of the Woods—*Robin des Bois*. The characters of Ottocar, Kormo, Agatha, Annette, Gaspar, Max, Kilian, Zamiel, in *Der Freischütz*, become Tony Key-nold, Anna, Nanci, Richard, Dick, Bill, and Robin des Bois, in the refined version of M. Castil-Blaze. He takes a song from one of Weber's operas, and substitutes it for the original; he adds, alters, amends (save the mark!) curtains, lengthens, and disguises in every possible variety and shape. Weber was furious, and wrote to M. Castil-Blaze, remonstrating on the base injustice done to his opera, and demanding to know why he was so treated. M. Castil-Blaze quietly replied, that the Germans having borrowed so much from his countrymen, it was time they should commence some payment on account. *Der Freischütz*, though possessing some germs of merit, was yet so unfinished, rugged, and incomplete, that, when produced in Paris, a French audience had refused to listen to it. Pitying its condition, and discerning the real merit it possessed, he (Castil-Blaze) therefore took it in hand, redressed it, washed, cleansed and purified it, rouged and anointed it, and then presented it before a Parisian public, who flocked to the *Odéon* for some hundreds of nights, and acknowledged the merit of the adaptor to be superior to that of the author's. *Robin des Bois*, there-

fore, has ever since kept the French stage, and those who would hear the music of *Der Freischütz* must do so through the medium of Castil-Blaze.

Robin des Bois was revived at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Wednesday last; MM. Lagrave, Grignon, Colson, and Junca filling the principal male parts; those of Annette and Agatha being sung by Madame Deligne-Lauters and Madame Girard. I was curious to hear Madame Lauters in a classico-romantic opera. Possessed of a voice, which for compass, freshness, and roundness, has seldom been equalled on the French stage, she had hitherto sung in no other opera than the *Billet de Marguerite*, of M. Gevaert. She had now to deal with music of a very different description, with melodies the most lively and refined, and with airs which required thought, intelligence, capacity and study. She was most favourably received, and sang the duet (in A) with Mlle. Girard most charmingly, but, after that, her whole performance was slipshod and unsatisfactory; she had not sufficiently studied her part, and evidently thought that did she but remember the notes, and deliver them with that lovely voice which she possesses, no more could be reasonably demanded. Mad. Lauters is much mistaken, and I grieve to see that one so young and childlike, so gifted by nature with all that is required for a singer, should conceive that a composer like Weber could be treated with such levity. Mad. Lauters has the future in her hands. Eighteen years old, with a voice seldom equalled, with a pleasing face, and considerable intelligence, she is certain by steady perseverance to become an *artiste*; if she be contented with her present position, she remains a pleasant singer, and *voilà tout*. Mlle. Girard sang her music well, and displayed considerable intelligence in her acting; she was much and deservedly applauded. M. Junca, in the red cloak of Zamiel, made a magnificent "show" in Robin des Bois—a double cross between Ro in Hood, Robin Goodfellow, and Zamiel—in fact a nondescript. The choruses were excellent, and do credit to the steady perseverance of the director, who has trained them in a year. When M. Perrin took the theatre, there were never two in a chorus who sang together. The orchestra was also good, and the overture was encoired. The decorations are fresh, gay, and charming, the scenes well painted, and the dresses picturesque; altogether, the success was unquestionable, and the public will flock for many a day to hear those delicious melodies which M. Castil-Blaze has kindly not excised from the opera.

Marie Cabel, by the grace of God and the will of the people, Queen of the Boulevard, of Léon, Castille, etc., still reigns supreme. Tenor after tenor has succumbed in the part of the muleteer, whereto I am not much astonished, for the music is harsh and the situations absurd. Young Achard now fills the part, and the tenor is worthy of the music, both are very "small beer." As to Marie Cabel, she has so altered, changed, and amended her music, that M. Adolphe Adam, "of the Institute," is deeply indebted to her and her husband, by whose advice she has, no doubt, profited. Nothing can exceed her success; night after night the theatre is crammed to the roof; she will probably play no other part during the remainder of the season. When she assumes her post at the Opéra-Comique I shall watch with great interest for her debut in the *Domino Noir*, the *Diamants de la Couronne*, and other gems of the French opera; for she is worthy of better composers than MM. Adam, "of the Institute," and Clapiès "of the Institute." Mad. Stoltz will shortly appear as Fides in the *Prophète*, and Mad. Angèle Fortuni will fill the part of Bertha in the same opera. I know that Mad. Stoltz has been studying her rôle with the greatest assiduity, and I shall be disappointed if she does not create an extraordinary sensation in a part so well suited to her great dramatic powers.

Signor Pacini has arrived in Paris expressly to superintend the rehearsals of his opera, *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie* (*The Arabs in the Gauls*—a queer name) which will be brought out forthwith, supported by the whole strength of the company. Mad. Ugalde still maintains possession of the chief part in *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and the public consoles itself remarkably well for the continued indisposition of Mad. Miolan, and M. Grisar's *Le*

Chien du Jardinier continues its triumphant course. There has been no such hit for years as that made by this genial and sprightly little operetta.

(From another Correspondent.)

I SEND the programme of the second performance of the Société des Concerts, which took place on Sunday afternoon, at the Conservatoire in the Rue Bergère, as usual:—

1 ^o Symphonie (No. 9) avec chœur	... Beethoven.
2 ^o Adagio de la 14 ^e Symphonie	... Haydn.
3 ^o Motet, double chœur	... J. S. Bach.
4 ^o Romance des Noces de Figaro	... Mozart.
5 ^o Overture de Guillaume Tell	... Rossini.

The solos in the choral part were sustained by Mesdames Boulart and Printemps, MM. Jourdan and Bussine. The air from *Figaro* was sung by Mlle. Boulart. The vocal department at these fine concerts is invariably the weakest, and such was the case on the present occasion. M. Girard, as usual, beat time mechanically to the orchestra, which would do as well, or better, without him. This gentleman is statuesque without being beautiful. Never did a more complete automaton hold stick in hand. The man of stone in *Don Giovanni* is quite life-like in comparison.

About the orchestra your eloquent and discriminating "occasional correspondent" has lately said enough, and seeing that I don't feel equal to a notice on the Ninth Symphony, I cannot do better than hold my tongue—being warned, moreover, by the failure of the Duke of Newcastle, who has ventured, *ultra crepidam*, and not holding with Lord John, that such ambition is "commendable," I can only remark, that whereas I have twice, I think, heard the Ninth Symphony in England without being otherwise impressed than with its length and difficulty, I was yesterday delighted beyond measure. Surely, this is Beethoven's greatest work? What a giant he is! What infinite variety—what clearness of effect produced or educed from the most intricate combinations! What a lovely slow movement—and what a *scherzo*! Can anything be more gracefully playful than that passage in the last movement where the violins take up the air given out by the barytone, and toss it about, as it were, in bunches of mirthful triplets? And the whole *finale*, how joyous, yet how massive and imposing! That *rentrée*, too, where the oboe slyly slips back from the *trio* into the opening subject of the *scherzo*! The whole composition appears to be first cousin to the Pastoral Symphony, but on a still more grand scale—inexhaustible in fertility of poetic ideas. Papa Haydn, with his neatly-powdered wig, stood no chance after Beethoven. It was like putting Hallé (be it said with all respect for his undoubted talent), to play after Mendelssohn. I don't know who made the programme, but he evidently is a bungler.

There has been some more of the Ronconi correspondence, Mad. Giovannina has given a flat contradiction to some of the statements of her husband's solicitor.

"Paris, 24 January, 1854.

"MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR.—I have but one word to reply to the strange letter of my husband's solicitor, both the dates and the figures that he enumerates are perfectly incorrect. As M. Peigné pretends to have my receipts, I defy him to produce them; for the rest, M. Peigné in his letter only confirms what I stated in my request to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia—viz.: that for three months he had not sent me a *maravedi*.

Your obedient, &c.,

"45, Rue de la Victoire."

"GIOVANNINA RONCONI.

M. Peigné, however, who seems to possess substantial arguments for the facts he made public, has replied to Mad. Ronconi by letter which, in so far as he is concerned, brings the correspondence to a close.

"Paris, 25 Jan., 1855.

"MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR.—Madame Ronconi has denied the truth of my statement, and before publishing her letter, you were kind enough to communicate the contents to me. There is an account of by whom and by what means the 24,000 francs were paid:—1^o by Mr. Blount, banker, Rue de la Paix, No. 3, 9,000 francs; 2^o by M. Rougement, banker, Rue Taitbout, No. 20, 10,000 francs; 3^o by myself, as per the receipts I hold, and which I shewed to you this morning, 5,000 francs; total 24,000 francs. If I

now add the 2,000 francs, received on the 16th of January, from St. Petersburg, and the 8,000 francs Signor Ronconi consented to pay to Madame Ronconi's creditors—10,000 francs in all—it will make the total stated in my letter of the 17th of January, viz.:—34,000 francs. With regard to the 9,000 and 10,000 francs paid by MM. Blount and Rougement, Madame Ronconi pretends, in November last, to have received only 2,414 francs. I went to those bankers, in consequence of this statement, and have seen in their books a confirmation of the payment exact and without deduction of the 19,000 francs transmitted by Signor Ronconi. Whether Madame Ronconi may acknowledge herself satisfied or not, I cannot, Monsieur le Rédacteur, continue a correspondence so out of the way of my business, and so contrary to the rules of our profession.

Yours obediently, M. L. PEIGNÉ.

And now you may draw your own deductions. For my own part I know quite enough to enable me to exonerate Signor Ronconi from all blame whatever.

MUSIC IN HOLLAND.

(From a Correspondent.)

Amsterdam, 24th Jan., 1855.

THE "canards," like the canals, are frozen up, and I defy a man to draw upon his imagination with any effect with the thermometer below zero: *ergo*, I only send you bare facts. Holland is overrun with *artistes* at this moment; some on wing for *happier* scenes, some just landed with a strong appetite for fame and guilders; the majority "prospecting," as the gold-diggers have it, and a very few paying their way. The Czar and the directors of the concert-rooms divide pretty equally the anathemas of the disappointed, and the number is by no means trifling. Instrumentalists are as usual the most numerous, and the Dutchman is in that respect not a whit behind John Bull in his exactions; he will have the best of everything, counts his cents with due regularity, keeps his hands in his pockets or his gloves on, by variations which would set a more volatile audience screaming, but when moved he gives way to his enthusiasm right heartily and naively, and the *artiste* so applauded can never put his tongue in his cheek, and say to himself, they know nothing about it.

Amongst the pianists we have had Wilhelmine Clauss, Seifried, Clara Schuman (Wieck) and the young Ernst Stöckel Heinefetter. Mad. Clauss has left for Vienna; but Thalberg is expected to fill up the vacancy. Nabich, the Sax-Weimar oboist, and Vieuxtemps with his violin leave little to expect nearer perfection; but I am told that Ernst intends shortly to dispute the *terrain* with the latter.* Emilia Walter (Petrovich), Nissen Salomon, Sophie Förster, Mdle. Marra, and Madame Ponsin, Signor Dalla Aste, and Mr. Colbrun (Belgian), represent pretty well the vocalists. Nissen Salomon and Dalla Aste have made their adieux to the public, and Mdle. Förster to her voice, for the moment. Mad. Marra is engaged at the Opera, while Madame Ponsin labours away at French melodies in the French *salle*.

Emilia Walter is the only one who has carried the public with her, and is consequently satisfied with the state of the country, the conduct of the various directors, and the Dutch nation in general. She opened the concerts at Felix Meriti's with the greatest *tclat*, and undertook an engagement both there and at Stumpf's concerts in the Park, where her success was equally great, before an audience of 8,000, and where she was the first singer who ever attempted it. Notwithstanding the immense space, her voice filled it with the same ease as it would have filled an ordinary concert room. Old Stumpf, in honour of the occasion, resumed his *bdton*, which he had laid aside for sixteen years in favour of his nephew, and the Dutchman actually shouted and made the huge *salle* ring with his "*bis*" and "*da capo*" (together with an occasional interpolation of the vernacular) to such an extent that I began to think the mildness of the winter had exercised the effect of a southern clime upon the inhabitants as well as on the land. But perhaps Mdle. Walter's greatest triumph was at Frascati's, where she agreed to sing, and where the worthy Dutchmen inhale Men

delssohn and the mild Havannah at the same moment. *Credat Judeus!* The Dutchmen, one and all, denied themselves the pleasure of their pipes, actually volunteering this ovation; and it was only after the second concert there, by assuring them that she felt the compliment, but would in future not open her pipe unless they lighted *theirs*, that the worthy Mynheers promised to return to their *premières amours*. Mdle. Walter has just returned from a tour in the neighbourhood—whither she has promised to return, including, in her next trip, Rotterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, Leewarden, etc., although the German Opera here is desirous of securing her services at any price. From what I can learn, however, her engagements in Italy will not permit her remaining longer than February.

I attended a concert given by young Heinefetter, the pianist, the other day. He is a youth of great promise, only sixteen years of age; his execution is wonderful, although the boy will occasionally peep out, and there is a bit now and then scrambled over, which will not be the case a year or two after this. Several of the Amsterdammers have opened a subscription for his behoof, to forward him to Paris, and give him the benefit of a two years' sojourn there; and they have, I believe, completed their arrangements. Of course you will see him one of these days in London, and I think you will agree with me that you have seldom seen a more intelligent countenance. His mother, the well-known Stöckel Heinefetter, has altered her name to Stözer Heinefetter, for some wise reason. She is sister to Katinka and Sabina Heinefetter, and had a finer voice at one time than any of the family, although she ceased exercising it some half-a-dozen years ago. Young Ernst Heinefetter was assisted by the first violin of Mr. Stumpf's orchestra, a youth of fifteen, who told me that he was rather proud of being a year younger than his little friend, the pianist. He is a thorough Dutchman, and a disciple of the Spohr school—round, full tones, exactitude itself, no exaggeration in manner. A Mr. Colbrun, with a fine bass voice, who gave us a French and Swiss song with great effect, was a little nervous, and consequently did not approve of the way in which young Heinefetter accompanied him. As the two boys drove me home, some allusion was made to this, when Mynheer Iburg (the violinist) assured the youthful pianist in the most polite manner that not the slightest fault was to be found with the accompaniment, as he had paid particular attention to it. Herr Nabich's performance on the oboe was a real treat, and the manner in which he made his instrument "discourse sweet music," was well worth a tramp of a couple of miles along the snow-covered banks of the Amsterdam canals.

I enclose you a programme of one of Stumpf's concerts. Mad. Clara Wieck and Emilia Walter appear there shortly again, when I may possibly give you some more of my chit-chat. If the foregoing is of any use to you to cull from, let me know, and also whether there is any information on any point that I can furnish you with, as I shall probably remain a few weeks here to establish my health. I am already much better. A cold bath at eight in the morning, lots of exercise, and a small allowance of Geneva, is the prescription I use. Best Hollands, tuncence a bottle—what a prize for the "Fielding." How are you all getting on? What are the prospects for the ensuing opera?

P.S.—A certain Miss Sherrington or Charrington gave us a sample of her powers at Felix Meriti's lately, but did not prove a star of the first magnitude, and paled before the fire of Vieuxtemps' bow. The Opera here has offered Mdle. Walter 100 fls. per night for the remainder of the season, and 800 per month for eight months from September next, with a couple of benefits guaranteed by two wealthy Amsterdammers; but I doubt its being accepted, although it is liberal enough, considering that Dalla Aste's allowance has only been 500—Marra's, 400—and Mdle. Hartmann's, 160 per month.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last night the *Creation* was performed by the members of this Society at Exeter Hall. The solo parts were sung by Miss Birch, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The hall was crowded in every part. This was the third time during the week that Haydn's oratorio was given in London.

* Our correspondent has been misinformed. Herr Ernst remains in London.

GRISI AND MARIO IN PHILADELPHIA.

(From an old Correspondent.)

New York, Jan. 18.

You will see by the date that I write from New York, not from Philadelphia. But I have been so much amused in the perusal of a correspondence addressed to the new musical paper lately established here by the brothers Mason, that I cannot refrain from making you a partner in my merriment. I must tell you it has been the policy of the writers in this sheet to "blow up" Grisi and Mario "sky high," and this policy has been thoroughly carried out by their Philadelphia correspondent, who signs himself "A Sharp," but who is better entitled, judging from his criticisms, to be called a flat.

Grisi and Mario made their first appearance at Philadelphia on the 2nd inst., in *I Puritani*, as Elvira and Arturo, of course. (The parts of Ricardo and Giorgio were allotted to Signors Badiali and Susini.) What Mr. "Sharp" thinks of the general performance you will not care to know; but I must give you a specimen or two of the manner in which he pitches into "the incomparable pair," as they were gracefully styled by the old world, until the new world had begun to teach a sounder doctrine. Here is the preamble for Grisi:—

"But all were now on tip-toe for the appearance of the renowned Grisi, and she was greeted with a perfect thunder of *brava!* so monopolized by the great *prima donna*, that poor Susini, although coming on with her, had to retire to the back-ground. Her first recitative seemed to have a singularly cooling effect, as if the audience were afraid of having made a blunder, by mistaking some secondary singer for the expected great one. The fact is, that for purity of tone this recitative was not exactly what it might have been. It could not be owing to the tremulous emotion of a first appearance—she, an old stager! However, at the words, "Sposi!—no!—mari!" her voice improved, and the audience was now almost convinced that it actually heard the far-famed *cantatrice*. In the subsequent duet her vocalisation was somewhat heavy, and the general delivery so tame, that it produced very little sensation. Madame Grisi probably thought that the audience was rather deficient in appreciating her talent, for, when retiring at the end of this duet, she gave a sort of pouting nod, which was quite as significant as the scanty applause that had caused it."

Mario gets off a little better, the discreet Mr. Sharp being at a nonplus for something to fall foul upon. He, however, rates the accomplished tenor for coming to his "lady-love" without a retinue (as if it was Mario's business to engage and marshal the supernumeraries); and arraigns his tones as "*nasal* and *unsteady*" at the opening of "A te, o cara!" Fancy, if you can, Mario's tones being *nasal*—and in a phrase, too, where both the vowels and musical intervals are so favourable to the free and open emission of sounds! In the next scene Grisi is "peppered" for a certain D flat "of such undefinable intonation, that any kind of *shriek* would have answered just as well." Now, since it is notorious that at the present time Grisi never attempts D flat, I adopt the conclusion that Mr. Sharp's hearing was the real thing "undefinable." Mario is then "lashed" for his abuse of *falsetto*, in the *romanza* "A una fonte,"—which reminded our "Sharp" of those barbarous times when men *soprani* were tolerated. In conclusion, we are told, that the performance of *I Puritani* was rendered throughout with artistic excellence, and yet "there were also many weak points"—which involves both an absurdity and bad English. If the performance was *throughout* artistically excellent, there could not have been "also many weak points." To "render a performance with artistic excellence" is simply nonsense. The next opera (Jan. 5) was *Lucrezia Borgia*:—

"*Lucrezia Borgia* was to be performed on Thursday; and at about 7 o'clock in the evening, our *dilettanti* could be seen on their way towards the Walnut-street Theatre. Economy, hard times, the unusual high price of seats, and so forth, prevented many from indulging in the luxury of a ride, and, consequently, from splashing with mud their more saving or humble neighbours. The pedestrians, however, proved to have been the wiser in every respect; for, on arriving at the theatre, a placard—written probably with a stick, on a dirty piece of paper—was posted up on the door with these words: "Signor Mario's sudden illness will not permit the performance announced for this evening."

The Opera is therefore postponed until to-morrow night." Accordingly at an early hour on Friday evening, the theatre was full to overflowing. Now, this had not been the case, by a long shot, on the first opera night, owing probably to the pompous announcement in all the papers, that every seat had been subscribed for. This profound policy had quite the reverse effect to what was intended by the "cute impresario"; for, instead of making our people hurry towards the box-office, they quietly remained at home, not relishing to pay *three dollars* for a chance seat, or even for no seat at all; and the house, on the first night, was literally half empty. Had the business affairs of the *troupe* been in the hands of an inexperienced *young lady*, we would call this *mis-management*; but with an old trooper like Hackett—pshaw!"

It is evident that undertaker Hackett is not popular. Phineas Barnum would have done better—Jenny Lind to wit! The postponement of the opera, it seems, had not given time for Mario to recover:

"The house was full. The conductor, Arditi, rapped on the desk with his *bâton*, and the orchestra struck up the *preludio*. All right so far, and not a soul dreamed of disappointment. But 'man proposes and God disposes'; for, after some thirty measures, Arditi gave the signal of a dead stop! An elderly gentleman came before the curtain, and, introducing himself *sans cérémonie* as 'Mister Hackett,' made a speech to the effect that another small screw had got loose in Signor Mario's vocal machinery, and that he (Mister H.) had provided for this the night before (mark that!) by telegraphing to New York for Signor Lorini to come on; that this worthy substitute was now dressing for the part; that he (Mister H.) was Falstaff all over; that those among the audience who did not like it might go to the—box-office to get their money back again, etc. All this was delivered in that free and easy style so peculiar to the renowned Nimrod of old; and our good people swallowed the speech of the *half-horse, half-alligator*, not without making wry faces at the unsavoury morsel, and the performance re-commenced. So that there was but *one star* to take a telescopic view of; alas! the other was a *total eclipse*—even the eccentric movement of his pretty little satellite, 'Coutts,' could not be seen: she was not on the horizon."

And now read Mr. Sharp's appreciation of one of the most transcendent exhibitions of talent the lyric stage has known for years—the last scene in the second act of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Grisi as the Duchess:—

"Our second act of observation was illuminated by a star of the first magnitude. Mars outshone Venus! The fact is, that Badiali was quite in the *ascendant*, and the rarefaction of his splendid voice filled the house with rapture; he was the planet of the evening, all other stars notwithstanding. The entire scene in the dual palace was good. Several points of the recitative were artistically made prominent by Madame Grisi; but her "Chi ve?—oh ciel! Gennaro!" was very tame, and lacked the surprise, the fear—nay, the very look of a horror-struck mother. *Poor Sontag! where art thou!* In the duet Madame Grisi was much more energetic in acting; but her voice was inadequate to the power required by the situation, particularly for the *allegro*, in which her high tones were thin and wiry; shrieks of anger issued most undoubtedly from the matron's throat; passion and despair shook her very frame (and voice), but it was no singing. The final duet between Lucrezia and Gennaro, had nothing remarkable, except that the acting of the '*prima donna*' was replete with mannerism, a mere running to and fro about the boards, the climax of which was a stupidly-looking 'no admittance' to the secret door when the duke re-appeared. And down went the curtain."

Proh pudor! That such a Midas should be allowed to pass sentence on such an artist! The allusion to "poor Sontag" is quite enough to show the extent of Mr. "Sharp's" critical discrimination. The greatest admirers of that admirable vocalist never claimed for her the smallest distinction as a tragic actress. I have omitted some fulsome panegyrics of Sig. Badiali, who—with "young Arditi,"—the conductor—appears to reign supreme in the appreciation of this profound Aristarchus. You will not complain of that.

"But I must stop; for I am getting sick of having almost nothing else but faults, blunders, deficiencies, and *rapacity* to speak of. It was in vain that I repeatedly rubbed the dew from off the lenses of my twin telescope; I discovered but one *bond-fide* star of the first magnitude, and I might say that the others *non erant inventi!* I found one or two *achromatic* stars, plenty of *nebulae*, and a sort of *milky way* mixed with a good deal of water—not of the first water; but, confound it!

we had too often the water without the milk! Let me now turn a new leaf, and get through my unpleasant task."

"*Rapacity*" is good from the pen of a Yankee, who has probably apotheosized the "Swedish Nightingale," with her 10,000 dollars a concert, and who will most likely be called upon to sing hymns of praise to the Jewess, Rachel Felix—embalmed or unembalmed, as fate and Barnum may decide—with her 1,200,000 dollars for a twelvemonth! The "*rapacity*" of Grisi is of a piece with the discovery that Sig. Badiali, a respectable barytone, was a "*bond fide* star of the first magnitude." Another fling at Mario follows—a piece of dirt thrown by a *chiffonier* at the canvas of the *Ecce Homo* :—

"The Grisi and Mario (!) troupe closed their performances in Philadelphia on Saturday, the 6th, with *Norma*. Signor Mario's name was printed in letters nearly as large as life, on all the posters and handbills; but that was all that was seen of him, and the outsiders could have as full a view of the great tenor as we had inside. Of course no apology was made for his non-appearance. Where's the use? Three dollars a-head is little enough to hear the other *et ceteras*; and Signor Mario, although announced and paid for, may just as well remain out of ear-shot. I would not advise him to try that trick in any of the cities of Europe; for, if I am not mistaken, the great Signor and his *infelice* showman would soon find out that *rotten eggs* would bring as big a price as the tickets of admission for their next appearance."

Bravissimo! And now behold all Mr. "Sharp," in the fulness of his wisdom or the emptiness of his egotism, has to say about the world-acknowledged beauties of Giulia Grisi's *Norma* :—

"Madame Grisi, so highly spoken of as the best *Norma* past (spell that word as you please), present, and to come, sang "*Casta Diva*" worse than it has been our lot to hear it from third-rate singers; many of the best passages were completely cut up and disfigured by the substitution of other passages in extremely bad taste. "Ah! bello a me ritorna" was better, but not coming up to the standard we have been accustomed to. There, again, we had another batch of tones foreign to the text. Ah! for our ear's sake do give that up, Madame; you can not compose as well as Bellini! Let me remark here, once for all, that Madame Grisi's vocalization is generally heavy, that her *trill* is harsh and often guttural, but that her *chromatics* (!) are always perfect. The scene between *Norma* and *Adalgisa* was good. The duet went very well as far as the final *cadenza*; but there poor little Donavani stuck fast, and *Norma* went on on her own hook, until the violoncello, by giving an extra touch, brought the youngster in again. So much for the *assoluta* not attending rehearsals. Arditì is also to be blamed; he should always have his violin on the desk, so as to be ready for any such emergency.

"We now come to a part of this scena in which Madame Grisi was, most emphatically, a very great *Norma*. Her address of reproach to Pollio, "Oh! non tremare, O perfido!" was truly sublime; the audience was electrified, and so completely taken by surprise, that every one present seemed to forgive her (and others concerned) for the many previous disappointments. This strain was rapturously *encored* (alas, it was the first instance of the kind), and, although very trying, Mad. Grisi repeated it, not only with perfect good grace, but with a wonderful increase of energy. Having thus paid a highly merited tribute of praise to the *now* great artist, I am indeed tempted to drop the pen; for it is very painful for one as fond of the art as I am, to throw a damper over such a legitimate exhibition of artistic excellence! But I must do my duty. I'll say nothing more of this act (!).

"Act 2.—The night-scene in *Norma*'s room was too formal. When determined to slay Pollio's sons, the words "Ah! no! son miei figli!" had nothing of a mother's feelings. How different from Mrs. Wood's "Ah! no! they're my children!" (!) The duet, "Deh! con te," was tame, and bore evidence that the two ladies had not sufficiently rehearsed together. Pass on, reader, pass on!

"In the duet between *Norma* and Pollio, "In mia man alfin tu sei," the opposite sentiments of sneer and tenderness, of hope and despair, of threatening and beseeching—all so beautifully expressed both in the text and the music—were totally disregarded. "Qual cor tradisti?" was considerably better, but did not elicit the traditional *encore*. The *finale* was—let me see! Why, it was—it was the *finale*; is not that enough?"

Quite enough, Mr. A. Sharp! Quite enough, thou veritable noodle, with a great liver and a little heart, an overflow of bile and a scant quantity of blood, an excessive arrogance, spare

intelligence, and "sentiments of sneer." Quite enough, in all conscience. I wish you no severer punishment than to be obliged to listen, seven times a week, to such a *Lucrezia* as "poor Sontag," and to such a *Norma* as "poor" Mrs. Wood—consoling yourself meanwhile with *Lorini* (as *Arturo* and *Pollio*), *Arditi*, "the masterly," as *chef d'orchestre*—and, to crown all, that unequalled phoenix, *Badiali*, as a specific for deficiencies and disappointments. Happily, the reputation of *Grisi* and *Mario* is too well founded and too firmly established to be shaken by the efforts of such small talk and scurrility.

And there's an end for the present. If the spirit moves me I may write to you again before long. W.

REACTIONARY LETTERS.

No. IV.

(Continued from page 49.)

WAGNER says: Shakspeare has only dramatised romances, while Schiller, impelled towards the antique, pure form of art, has remained suspended in the air, between heaven and earth; and that, since his time, dramatic art in Germany has remained in the same state of suspension: that the heaven is the antique form of art, and the earth the practical romance of the present day: that Goethe is even a greater imitator of Shakspeare than Schiller; that neither, however, was capable of creating a real drama: and that romance alone, however, can represent artistically the element of our life in the most intelligible manner. "While Romance," to quote Wagner's own words, "became a summons to the revolutionary strength of the people, which is destined to destroy this foundation of our life, a clever poet, who, as a creative artist, never possessed the faculty of mastering any subject for the real drama, found means to induce an absolute prince to command the director of his theatre to have a real Greek tragedy represented in all its ancient integrity, while a celebrated composer received orders to write the necessary music. This drama of Sophocles proved, in relation to our present mode of life, an artistic falsehood, etc. Strange! Modern romance had turned to politics, and politics became a blood-stained battlefield; while, when the poet, on the other hand, anxiously yearning to behold a perfect form of art, prevailed upon a reigning sovereign to command the representation of a Greek tragedy, the tragedy selected should be no other than our *Antigone*."

"People looked for the work in which artistic form was most purely developed, and, lo and behold!—it was the very one whose contents were the purest humanity, the destroyer of the state! How delighted the learned old children were with this *Antigone*, in the Theatre Royal, at Potsdam! They had the roses strewed from above, which the band of redeeming angels in *Faust* caused to fall from the long and straight, and long and crooked horn, as flames of love upon the bethailed 'thick and thin devil,' but unfortunately the roses only aroused in them the repulsive longing that Mephistopheles felt while they were burning—they did not arouse love! The ever-womanly feeling did not attack them,* but the ever old-womanly completely brought them down to the ground. Holy *Antigone*! thee do I invoke! let thy standard wave, that, under it, we may destroy and redeem!" Wagner perceives the highest revolutionary notion embodied in *Antigone*, an opinion which, in reality, was enounced by Hegel, and chooses Lohengrin in order to develop this first principle—Lohengrin, whose whole existence is founded upon a more than ordinary enthusiastic feeling of religion—Lohengrin, who was one of those holy knights employed in the service of the holy *Graal*, as we learn at the conclusion of the opera. By the word *Graal* is signified the blood of our Saviour, which Joseph of Arimathea is reported to have caught in a precious jasper dish. In honour of this holiest of all relics, Tituel builds a temple at Montalivaz, in Spain. The dish, surrounded by preternatural brilliancy, floats in the air, while some writing upon it, makes known its commands. The *Graal* selects the noblest knights for its service, and such a noble knight is Lohengrin, who

* A quotation from Goethe's *Faust*.

has been commanded to interest himself for "Elsa of Brabant." That he should instantly exclaim, "I love you," is perfectly operative but that he should forbid her ever to ask, "Who he is and whence he comes" is very—childish, and on this question turns the whole opera. Elsa has naturally a female acquaintance, who says to her: "Ask him all the same," and Elsa asks. This is the grand idea which Wagner embodies: the *purely human*. Very true, curiosity is a purely human, or rather purely womanly feeling, but not sufficient to rivet our souls for an entire evening. In *Antigone*, it is the strongest brotherly love, in *Iphigenia*, the same; in *Othello*, jealousy; in *Romeo and Juliet* that spring-tide love, which has not reached the foliage-stripping season of Autumn, and firmly believes that it will remain green and blooming over the snows-decked grave of winter. In all these works there is a something which repays a person for sitting a whole evening and listening to the sentiments of the *Dramatis Personæ*; but a mere feeling of *curiosity* is certainly too trivial, and contains too little to develop the depth of art. This opera consequently will not be successful on the stage, although containing so many detached beauties, that it is worth our while to become acquainted with them in some other manner; for works, which, on account of this or that prominent quality, or a new tendency, necessitate great expense in their production, can only be expected in a Royal Theatre. The *new tendency*, however, consists in the fact that the rules of modulation sanctified by time, have been trampled under foot. By this means striking effects have sometimes been obtained, although, on the other hand, the continual wish to produce something wonderful in this particular has often given rise to the most outrageous extravagance. Moreover, the voices in the duets seldom come together (a fact which is esteemed of very great importance, although sensible composers have, under particular circumstances, adopted the same plan before Wagner). Finally, the arrangement of the vocal parts is frequently most unskilful, and jagged in the *ensembles*, difficult to intone and of no effect, as, for instance, the part of Lohengrin in the finale of the first act.

Expression is everything in art; it is its soul, its life, its fire, which Prometheus stole from heaven. To find any expression, however, in the series of intervals (for it cannot be called melody) of Lohengrin, from the passage "Den Sieg hab' ich errungen" (I have won the victory), would require the imagination of a Brendel. It is, also, a matter of boast that Wagner does not repeat the words as often as other composers. Let the reader only listen with a slight degree of attention to his king, who is continually intruding in the first finale with "Ruhm deiner Fahrt, Pries deinem Kommen! Heil deiner Art, Schützer der Frommen! Du hast gewahrt das Recht der Frommen! Preis deiner Fahrt, Heil deiner Art! Preis deiner Fahrt, Heil deiner Art! Heil sei deiner Fahrt, deinem Kommen! Heil deiner Fahrt, deinem Kommen, deiner Fahrt! Heil deinem Kommen, deiner Fahrt! Erhöhe Siegesweise, dem Helden laut zum höchsten Preise! Ruhm deiner Fahrt! Heil deiner Art! Ruhm deiner Fahrt, Heil deiner Fahrt, Heil deiner Art, Heil, Heil, Heil deinem Kommen! Heil deiner Fahrt, Heil deinem Kommen! Heil deinem Kommen, deiner Fahrt," and soon, for four lines more, "Heil deiner Fahrt!"

We generally possess a sense of what is becoming, and an idea of right and wrong, when we have to blame others, but unfortunately we are often deficient in these qualities when we ourselves are concerned. This is the case with Wagner. He ridicules such instances in the works of older composers, and does the same thing himself. We have, at present, treated him severely, and have principally confined ourselves to noticing his inconsistency, but we shall take an opportunity of mentioning what he has done that is really beautiful, though we cannot at this moment resist again remarking how disagreeable is the straining after effect in this composition, which relies so much upon the words. For instance, in the *adagio* (E flat major) of the first finale, where the King has to say—"Trug und Wahrheit," high E flat; "klar erweist," double f, g, a, b—why this deep fall? Only that the basso may produce his double f. In this *clear truth* there is truly no more truth than if the manager of a theatre were to say to a composer:

"Introduce in your new opera a great many low notes for the F, in order that the public may applaud heartily!" This is cheese, and Wagner, unfortunately, employs the mouse-trap but too often.

(To be continued.)

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The Classical Chamber Music Society gave its Sixth Concert at the Town Hall, on Thursday, the 25th. The following was the programme:—Part First. Chamber Trio—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; (In A. Op. 26) *W. S. Bennett*. Two Melodies—violin; (Romance Vivace) *Molique*. Grand Sonata—pianoforte and violoncello; (In D, Op. 58) *Mendelssohn*. Part Second. Trio—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; (In G, Op. 1, No. 2) *Beethoven*. Stücke im Volkstone—piano and violoncello; (1 in A minor, 2 in F, 3 in A minor; 4 in D) *R. Schumann*. Grand Sonata—pianoforte and violin; (In A minor, Op. 47) Dedicated to Kreutzer. *Beethoven*. This was the third appearance of Herr Ernst this season at the above concert—Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti being, as formerly, at their posts at the pianoforte and violoncello. The programme differed from the usual routine, inasmuch as *two trios and two sonatas* were given, which is certainly one too much—from eight to a quarter past ten is quite long enough for a concert of this kind, and the above was not over until eleven! This is the only objection; the quality of the selection is undeniable. Mr. Sterndale Bennett's charming trio was a decided feature, and gave great satisfaction to the *cognoscenti*. Elegance and originality are not the least of its beauties—it is sterling good music. Herr Ernst gave two delightful little pieces for the violin (composed by Molique, and dedicated to Ernst), to which he imparted such a grace, that he was rapturously recalled. He then gave his own "Elegie," in such searching, thrilling tones, as to keep his audience spell-bound until the last note of his performance. At the end there was such an enthusiastic burst of applause, as we never heard before at the Chamber Concerts. Mendelssohn's fine sonata was the next great treat, and was splendidly played. Beethoven never disappoints. His trio in G, Op. 1, No. 12, although differing so widely from his later and grander productions, is eminently melodious, and certain to delight all hearers. Herr R. Schumann's duo is well calculated to display the talent of a violoncellist like Signor Piatti. Last came the favourite and well-known Kreutzer Sonata of Beethoven, in A minor, in the execution of which, and still more in feeling and expression, Herr Ernst, in our opinion, surpasses all living violinists. The variation of the second movement for the violin was given with such passion and fervour as even at that late hour to command an encore. The great violinist was well and ably supported by Mr. Charles Hallé. The room was well filled; but coaches and carriages being ordered, as customary, at ten or a quarter past ten, many of the audience had to leave after the Beethoven trio, and the room was still further thinned after the Schumann duet. The now venerable Chevalier Neukomm was present, and seemed to enjoy the concert very much. The seventh concert is fixed for Thursday next, the 8th inst.—A private concert was given on Wednesday last, at the Concert Hall, when Mendelssohn's *Meerestille*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Beethoven's Symphony in D were done, with some glees, by a party of local singers, assisted by Miss Whitham, of Leeds.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Contrary to general expectation, Mr. E. W. Thomas's Shilling Concerts at the Philharmonic Hall have been brought to a close without one overflowing house. Even on Mr. E. W. Thomas's benefit, though there was a good attendance, the hall was not crowded; and on the last night, Saturday, the audience was only thinly scattered over the benches, notwithstanding the attraction of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, for the programme of the first part, after the manner of M. Jullien in London. No complaint can be made that the music was not good, for many of the concerts would have done honour to the Philharmonic Society. The lovers of Mendelssohn have had their fill—the advocates for whole symphonies have had them entire. Those who objected to the miscellaneous selections of

airs from operas, have been gratified by the first act of *Le Prophète*. Those who objected to the dance-music have been troubled with very little. Those who have objected to Bocha's musical voyage, were conciliated by its abandonment after a few evening's performance. Those who objected to "trumpery ballads," have been invited to listen to the grandest vocal compositions, but all in vain. Mr. Thomas may say, with the children in the parable, "We have piped, but ye have not danced," and we regret to say he concludes this spirited effort to gratify the public at Liverpool with a loss of nearly £200. I cannot help thinking that Mr. E. W. Thomas has been in this instance very like the old man and his ass: trying to please everybody he has pleased nobody; or, at least, not a sufficient number to pay for his unceasing efforts. The whole symphonies, I am inclined to think, were prematurely submitted. Had Mr. Thomas first felt the way with single movements more frequently, he would not only have conciliated his audiences, but have taught them the knowledge and appreciation of good music. The act of the *Prophète* was also a mistake; the selections were naturally the most popular. The audience go to be amused, and for them the music must be pleasing, and generally should be exhilarating. This need not exclude good music, for the animated portions of symphonies were always well received. The principal works given during the series have been the Jupiter Symphony of Mozart, the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, his symphony in C minor, Mendelssohn's music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Spohr's duet for two violins, by Messrs. Thomas and Blagrove, Gounod's trio from Bach, for violin, pianoforte, and organ, De Beriot's tremolo for the violin, played by Mr. H. Blagrove, operatic selections from *Don Giovanni*, *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Robert le Diable*, and the *Huguenots*. It cannot be expected that Mr. E. W. Thomas will continue his concerts at a loss; but it is to be hoped that some measures will be taken to prevent such a series of concerts being discontinued for want of support in a town that arrogates to itself the honour of being the greatest seaport, and, in the present estimation of commercial enterprise, almost the metropolis of the world.

ROCHESTER.—On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Hopkins gave the second of his subscription concerts at the Corn Exchange. Miss Rebecca Isaacs and Miss Lizzie Stuart, with Messrs. Young and Howe, were the principal vocalists. The instrumentalists were Mr. Wells, flute; and Mr. Maycock, clarinet. Miss Lizzie Stuart, who made her second appearance in this city, sang Benedict's, "By the sad sea waves," with much feeling, and was encored, as also in a manuscript composition, "The young miller." Miss Rebecca Isaacs sang "The meeting of the waters," and was also encored; also a new song by Edward Loder, "I'll wander alone," and, on its being redemanded, substituted a patriotic song. Mr. Wells performed two fantasias on the flute, and Mr. Maycock a selection from *Nina* on the clarinet, and another solo. These gentlemen also performed a duet on Irish airs.—*South Eastern Gazette*, Jan. 30, 1855.

WHITEY.—On Tuesday evening, the 22nd inst., a miscellaneous concert, under the patronage of the Local Committee of the Patriotic Fund, was given in the Lecture Hall by the Philharmonic Band, when, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather, the room was well filled. Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Irving, Mr. Varley, and Mr. Greenbury, were the vocalists. Master Henry Chambers played on the harmonium, Mr. Mercer conducted, and Mrs. Ripley presided at the piano.

EDINBURGH.—(From a Correspondent), February 1st.—The German-Italian company—who last season appeared at Drury Lane, and made a tour in the provinces—have been prosecuting an engagement here for the last fortnight. On Tuesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given, with Madame Rudersdorf as Lucia, Signor Gaggiati as Edgardo, Signor Fortini as Enrico, and M. Zelger as Raimondo. The Edgardo was not very brilliant. By the way, do I seem very ignorant in asking who is Signor Gaggiati? Madame Rudersdorf was hardly in her line as the love-lorn Lucy. Nevertheless, she sung and acted admirably. Her mad scene was powerful. *I Puritani* was performed on Tuesday, when Signor Octave Benedetti appeared as Arturo, with little or no effect. Madame Rudersdorf was the Elvira,

M. Zelger, Georgio, and Signor Fortini, Riccardo. To-night *Roberto il Diavolo* is announced, with Herr Formes as Bertram. Madame Rudersdorf as Alice, and Mdle. Sedlazeck as Isabella. Herr Reichardt appears to-morrow night as Max in *Der Freischütz*. Business is only tolerable. The German nights prove the most attractive, for then the talents of Madame Rudersdorf, Herr Reichardt, and Herr Formes are combined. The Italian division is not a remarkable one.

FOREIGN.

LEIPSIK.—(From a Correspondent).—During the course of this winter we have been in no want of musical entertainment here, for although the concerts of the Gewandhaus have not been so crowded as in former years, the directors do not slacken in their endeavours to give performances of the highest interest, and to engage the services of artists possessing first-rate talent. It is not my intention to enter into a glowing eulogy of the Gewandhaus Concerts, since this would only be reviving a worn-out theme. My object is rather to inform you of "musical doings" in general. It has been in contemplation to enlarge the Gewandhaus, next spring, by adding another gallery in place of the present basement, which for such a purpose must be lowered; but the question to be decided is—Will not this alteration affect the vibration of sound? It is a well-known fact that the concert-room was constructed on very just acoustic principles; the directors must, therefore, be careful into whose hands they entrust the modification of so valuable a building. Up to the present time, however, the step has not passed into a resolution. I said that the directors endeavoured to secure good artists for their concerts, in proof of which I have only to men tion the name of the famous English pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, whose success has been noticed in previous numbers. This amiable young lady is in possession of admirable talents, which induce us to anticipate that she will become an artist of the very highest classical order. It is her intention shortly to proceed to Vienna. Another young artist, Herr Anton Rubenstein, has lately made a sensation here. His first contribution to the Gewandhaus Concerts was a "symphony," fantastically entitled *The Ocean Symphony*, which was performed with success. At the "Abonnement Quartett" Concerts we heard a trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, composed and performed by the same young musician, assisted by Herr Concertmeister David and Herr Grützmacher, which created a very favourable impression. As a pianist, Anton Rubenstein is an eminent disciple of the school of Franz Liszt. You will, no doubt, soon hear more about him in England. The present conductor of the Gewandhaus, Herr Rietz, will leave us at the end of this season: he is engaged to succeed the late Schneider as Kapellmeister at Dessau. The reason why Herr Rietz prefers this new situation to his present one is a mystery. The question now, however, is, Who is to conduct the concerts next winter? Herr Niels Gade has been mentioned; but nothing is settled, and as the Germaus say—

"Kommt Zeit kommt Rath."

Time will show. Gade has already conducted the concerts at the Gewandhaus, having been recommended by Mendelssohn.

Mdlle. Anna Zerr has arrived here to fulfil an engagement at the Opera, but is at present prevented from appearing, in consequence of a slight illness. It is to be hoped she may soon recover, for since Mdlle. Wiedemann left us, we have had no good singer at the theatre. From the papers I learn that Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* will be given at Dresden, in the course of next month, when the celebrated composer will conduct the performance himself. I have no more news, therefore *Auf Wiedersehen*.

VIENNA.—(From our own Correspondent).—After being shelved by the management for a long period, *Norma* has been revived at the Imperial Operahouse for the *début* of a Mad. Doria Lasslow, who is engaged upon trial, or, as we say in Germany, as a "guest". The lady was very much applauded, although far from being a first-rate artist. She may do very well as a "double," if the *prima donna* should happen to be hoarse or indisposed—to sing.

Madlle. Wilhelmina Clauss has given her first concert, and created a great sensation. Every one is in ecstasies about her personal appearance, her grace, her technical skill, her method, and her execution. She played among other pieces, Beethoven's sonata in F minor, (the *Appassionata*) three of Chopin's compositions, including the *Impromptu* in A flat, and one of the *Nocturnes*, Stephen Heller's *Jagd*, (*Chasse*) and one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Madlle. Clauss was enthusiastically applauded, and recalled several times. Herr Hölzl was the vocalist, and sang three of his own songs.

The mandoline virtuoso, Herr Vailati, gave his third and last concert—a morning one—on the 21st inst. The attendance was no better than on the two previous occasions. On the evening of the same day, Herren Hellmesburger, Durst, Häuslinger, and Schlesinger brought their series of quartet concerts to a close. The programme included a quartet by Beethoven and one by Haydn, both in D major, and a sonata by Mozart for two pianofortes. The last, almost a novelty here, and admirably played by Herren Pirkhert and Derffell, was rapturously applauded.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the unusual press of News and Correspondence, our Reviews and several articles of importance are unavoidably postponed until next week.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE MUSICAL WORLD, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the Musical World, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

TO ORGANISTS.—The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. A. (Leeds) *Write, by all means.*

ALPHA.—*It is utterly untrue that Mr. BENEDICT has set up an opposition society to the Harmonic Union, either at Exeter Hall or elsewhere.*

THE CRITIC *has been misinformed.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1855.

At the first concert of the Harmonic Union, a printed notice was circulated among the audience, to the following effect:—

"The Directors extremely regret to inform their friends and subscribers that, but a few hours since, they received intelligence from several important and leading Members of the Orchestra, that Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, late last night, refused permission to allow them to attend the performance of the Harmonic Union this Evening, although those gentlemen had unconditionally accepted the engagement offered them by the Directors, and had attended the rehearsal on Monday last. The considerate indulgence of the audience is therefore requested, as this most unprecedented and arbitrary proceeding has compelled the Directors to engage other gentlemen, who have kindly consented to play, at a moment's notice, although without the advantage of a rehearsal."

In disputes between *entrepreneurs*, managers of theatres, etc., with orchestral performers and chorus-singers, the former are nearly always in the wrong. Might assumes the place of right; exactions are made, threats held out, and the needy man is obliged to yield. If ruin stares him in the face, he must perforce give in. It is well for those who have means and can afford to lose engagements, and for those who have large teaching connections; they may snap their fingers at theatrical managers and concert directors *en masse*. But the other poor devils, who live by their fiddles, and in default of employment must boil down the catgut and rosin into an unsavoury *soupe maigre*, the case is very different. They are too often, like Shakspeare's Apothecary, reduced to shifts, to which their "poverty and not their will consents." They must play vile music as the lean man of henbane sold drugs to Romeo, and poison the public as he the ill-starred lover. There is no alternative. Starve they must, or do what they are asked.

Now, such a state of things, the importance of the orchestra and chorus to the higher ends of music taken into consideration, is positively too bad—subversive, indeed, of all moral right. There is neither rhyme nor reason in it. The art is degraded in the persons of its followers, and they who are entitled to respect and consideration, come off with little better than contumely. Therefore—if for no other reason, if not for their deserts, which are great and undeniable, or their industry, intelligence, and hard-working habits, which are exemplary—we take up the cudgels in their behalf. It is enough that their means are scant and their position deplorable, to justify the *Musical World* in acting as their advocate, throwing over them the shield of its influence, and brandishing the sword as their champion. We repeat that, in quarrels between managers and "*ripieni*" (pass the term—it is technical), managers are nearly always wrong, "*ripieni*" nearly always right; managers the aggressors, "*ripieni*" the aggrieved; and for that reason we have always pleaded, and shall persist in pleading, for the latter. As France and England take the part of the Sultan against the Autocrat, so do we espouse the cause of the orchestras against the despotism of *impresarii*—with one grave distinction, however, that, as the Gallic "eagle" and the British "lion" are hungry for a wing, a leg, or a slice from the breast of the miserable Turkey, we anticipate no fraction of their salaries from our allies of the fiddle and the choir.

In the present case, however, we are brought to a standstill. With the best wish to fight the battle of the band, we are unprovided with weapons offensive or defensive. What plea the directors of the Harmonic Union can possibly urge against Mr. Gye, because Mr. Gye declines to weaken the attractions of his own concerts, in order to strengthen theirs, we are wholly at a loss to surmise. Nor are we better furnished with an argument in favour of those instrumentalists, who, it would appear, accepted two engagements on the same evening. The complaint of the Harmonic Union, on the one hand, is plainly ridiculous. The case of the "several important and leading members" on the other, is anomalous and untenable. We hope our allies will take it in good part, that, while anxious to uphold their interests and espouse their cause, whenever that is practicable, we have still the courage to admonish them when we believe them to be in fault. The observation of *The Daily News* that—

"According to this statement, Mr. Gye's proceeding appears to have been extraordinary, and certainly demands explanation"—

is extraordinary and demands explanation. No one with common sense will argue, that M. Jullien, with his five or six thousand patrons, would be doing his duty towards those patrons, if he permitted "several important and leading members" of his orchestra to quit their posts, on the last night of his concerts, for the purpose of swelling the ranks of the Harmonic Union band—which, on the same evening, was interpreting the beauties of Haydn's *Creation* to an audience of some 200 shivering amateurs. The notion is utterly preposterous.

Nevertheless, our columns, as usual, are open to any explanation that may be proffered, either by the directors of the Harmonic Union, or by the "several important and leading members." Our motto is "Fair play to all parties," and, to be true to the sentiment it embodies, a love of truth and justice must be our strict and binding principle. With this profession, we must sum up with a verdict *for defendant*.

HERR STRAKOSCH, the well-known German pianist, resident at New York, has recently been in London. His mission to Europe is to engage eminent artists for a new operatic speculation, the management of which is partly, if not wholly, we believe, vested in the hands of M. Max Maretzek. Herr Strakosch is now in Paris, in search of Sophie Cruvelli, to whom he has authority to offer munificent terms. We wish he may get Sophie, and Sophie the terms. From Paris he proceeds to Berlin, in search of Johanna Wagner, to whom he has also authority to offer munificent terms. We wish he may get Johanna, and Johanna the terms. From Berlin Herr Strakosch returns to London, in search of Sims Reeves, to whom he has again authority to offer munificent terms. We wish he may get Sims, and Sims the terms.

The Yankees have a right to their motto "Go a-head;" but, under the influence of Barnumbug—a word of *Punch's* coining, which may pass current—they have been going a-head lately, and with the stream (say "rapids"), at such a rate, that they run the danger of being submerged in the "Falls," like the adventurous boatman of Buffalo, who was lost at Niagara, while the people were looking on in despair. So now, the Yankee public looks on, if not in despair, with indifference, at the headlong course of those who, following in the footsteps of the speculative Phineas, rush blindly to their fate—unlike that prince of schemers. As the cat from the window, P. T. Barnum invariably falls upon his feet. Had he been precipitated down Niagara itself, the force of that lucky destiny which has followed him through life with unrelenting partiality, would have given him the means of reaching *terra firma* without moistening a whisker. Not so his disciples who, like the imitators of Rossini, overlook the fact, that they are trading without capital—moral capital. As the petty *maestri* have none of the Rossinian melody, so the counterfeit Barnums have not the genius of planning. What Barnum did, he did so well that none could attempt it after him. A nurse, a mermaid, a dwarf, or a nightingale, it was all one; he used them all up. After Jenny Lind—Alboni, Sontag, Grisi, and Mario were all failures. Barnum had made them impossible—out of his Museum. Where shall his like be found?

His followers, like him, in the narrowness of their mental vision, are apt to typify the human race as a varied collection of flat-fish—themselves the wary fishermen, "wide awake," with net well spread, intent on catching them. But—unlike

P. T. B. who always caught his fish—often, when exulting in the imaginary possession of a "flounder"—the prize of craft and cunning—they have in reality grasped nothing but a phantom of their own creation. The net vanishes, and their piscatory ethics melt into air. "The smallest hair," says Bacon, "casts a shadow." And so say the minor Barnumites, who can only distinguish the shadow. Their theories of human life are as shadows without substance—the reverse of that Peter who was substance without shadow. Ogling a shadow of something—what they do not exactly know—they jump to the conclusion that they have entrapped a substance. By no means; they have got "a hair"—in plain words and in sober truth, a slight rebuke for their presumption.

Seriously, our transatlantic friends have had enough of "lions," and put no longer any faith in them. We do not say that Herr Strakosch—a respectable as well as a talented man—does not mean to carry out, *bona fide*, the commission of these "capitalists" who have despatched him as their emissary. But has he reflected on the probable cost of an establishment in which three such luminaries as Cruvelli, Wagner, and Reeves, are to shine *ensemble*? Or has he forgotten that, for £1000 in Europe, they would expect at least £10,000 in the States? Or are they to be *embalmed*, in case of sudden demise, before the termination of their engagement—like Rachel, the tragedian.

Depend upon it, Brother Jonathan's wits are at present longer than his purse, and that future "speculators" may drain all Europe of its singers, players, and dancers, without causing him to move a muscle, or elevate an eye-lash.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the "Berliner Zeitung.")

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD is a pianist in the style of the admirable Wilhelmina Clauss. She obtains the noblest tones from the instrument, *sings* the melody with heartfelt expression, and delicate nicety of light and shade, and weighs each accent in the balance, preserving all the time her natural bearing, the unconstrained result of warmth and grace. *We have been informed* that she dedicates herself more especially to the works of classical composers, such as Mendelssohn and Beethoven; *we, ourselves*, have only heard her play one work, the roots of which are planted on classical soil, and the blossoms of which have, therefore, a classical fragrance: we allude to Mendelssohn's dreamily-beautiful song, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," as so admirably paraphrased by Stephen Heller for the higher class *virtuoso*. In this she *sang*, we repeat the word, the melody so enchantingly, that we felt almost inclined to assert the art of tender song, which singers are forgetting more and more every day, was about to take refuge in the piano, of itself the most unvoiced of instruments. In the case of Miss Goddard, at least, the melody floated with silent yet nobly extended pinion over the passages, borne along by the airy element in them.

L. RELLSTAB.

DALSTON.—A concert took place here on Monday evening, in aid of the funds of the Albion Hall Institution. The *artists* were Misses Lizzie Stewart, E. Jacobs, Alleyne, Payne, Messrs. Crawford, Arrowsmith, etc. All the singers were encored, and Miss Eva Thompson obtained a redemand in her pianoforte solo.

MR. FRANK BODDA having concluded his provincial tour, has returned to town for the season, accompanied by Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, and Mr. A. Pierce. Mr. Bodda's party have been absent for more than two months, and have sung at sixty concerts in the principal towns of England and Scotland.

DRAMATIC.

HAYMARKET.—The first appearance of a *débutante* as Juliet, in Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, is always a matter of interest. So few succeed in the part, that a new candidate never fails to stimulate curiosity, if not to excite hope. The announcement that a young lady from the provinces was about to make her first appearance on Monday night as Juliet, would of itself have attracted an audience, had not Miss Cushman's name been added for the part of Romeo. The novelty and the reappearance of the favourite actress combined, constituted a double attraction, the result being a crowded and fashionable attendance. The cast of the play was not very striking—indeed, the Haymarket company cannot be said at present to be formidable in tragedy; when we mention Mr. Howe in Mercutio, Mr. W. Farren as Tybalt, Mr. Rogers as the Friar, Mr. Tilbury as Capulet, Miss Poynter as Lady Capulet, and Miss Grantham as Lady Montague, the reader will be inclined to agree with us. Best of these was Mr. Howe, who, though failing in realizing the poetical phase of Mercutio's character, gave a natural and somewhat genial reading of it; and Mr. Rogers, who was impressive as the Friar. The rest are unworthy of notice. The Peter of Mr. Compton, and the Nurse of Mrs. Griffiths—though somewhat exaggerated—were both good.

Miss Swanborough—the Juliet of the evening—is, we are told, from Liverpool. Of her previous performances we had heard nothing, and had never seen her name in print until we read the announcement of *Romeo and Juliet* for Monday at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Swanborough is young, good-looking, and graceful. These are qualities absolutely essential to the performer of Juliet. Her education, we are inclined to think, has not been rigorously attended to. For instance, in the minor details of acting—in which any artist of pretensions would have perfected herself—Miss Swanborough is deficient. Two examples will suffice to explain. In the scene where Juliet takes the potion given to her by the Friar, Miss Swanborough drank it at the beginning in place of at the end of the soliloquy,

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again,"

which is at variance with the meaning of the speech, and affords no reason for the alteration. Again, in the last scene, when Juliet stabs herself, and exclaims, taking the dagger from Romeo,

"Oh! happy dagger!"

This is thy sheath; (*stabs herself*) there rust and let me die—"

Miss Swanborough throws away the dagger after stabbing herself, which renders the text nonsense. In the first-named speech also—although following the stage directions printed in the acting edition of the play—Miss Swanborough is wrong, after saying—

"What if this mixture do not work at all?"

Must I of force be married to the County?

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there!"

(*Laying down a dagger.*)

to place the dagger on the table. She should have concealed it in her bosom, by which means only could a chance be afforded her of having the dagger conveyed to the tomb with her. Common-sense should have pointed out to Miss Swanborough the gross mistake of the printed stage copy. These deficiencies are scarcely worth noticing; nor indeed should we have considered it worth our while to point them out, but that we espy so much promise and so much real good in the young actress, that we think advice will not be thrown away on her. In personating Juliet, Miss Swanborough attempted the most difficult character in the whole range of the drama. In the traditions of the stage, from time immemorial, Juliet appears to have had but one perfect representative. Therefore, partly to fail in Juliet at the beginning must not be set down as an entire want of success. Miss Swanborough is young and has her career before her. Her fortune is in her own hands. If she possess the intelligence and instincts, which we believe she possesses, she cannot fail, with study and perseverance, to become a real acquisition to the profession. Of her performance on Monday we are not bound to speak in high terms of praise. Its chief fault was a want of power; its principal merit was its delicacy, and an air of youthfulness that rendered it at times irresistibly attractive.

The balcony scene was charming from first to last, and made a sensible impression on the house. The first scenes, and the death scene, on the contrary, were performed in a languid and listless manner, and produced no effect. That Miss Swanborough does not lack fire and passion was instanced in the scene where Juliet takes the sleeping draught. But fire and passion both wanted regulation. So much for Miss Swanborough, whose career we shall watch with some interest.

The great objection to a woman appearing in the character of Romeo is not overruled in the case of Miss Cushman, who, with all her capabilities and acquirements, is hardly the *beau idéal* of the lover of Juliet. Miss Cushman possesses every requisite for the representative of the "gentle Romeo," excepting personal appearance and grace of action and motion. Wanting these, the performance can never be thoroughly satisfactory. On Monday night—perhaps from appearing so seldom in the part—Miss Cushman was evidently cramped and thwarted by the male attire. She did not move easily. All her motions in the earlier part of the play, were forced and constrained, until in the passionate scenes she seemed to lose sight of herself altogether, and her gestures and attitudes became real and natural, if they were not always instinct with grace. In other respects, Miss Cushman was as admirable as ever, and gave a picture of the love-sick, impassioned Romeo we in vain could look for from any living actor or actress. Her best scenes were that in which Romeo kills Tybalt, and the death scene. The last was extremely fine, and showed, in the hands of a great artist, how much superior Shakspeare is to all his would-be improvers. It must not be forgotten that Miss Cushman was the first to rescue Shakspeare's Romeo from the meddling hands of Garrick, or Nahum Tate, or Dryden, or some other desecrator—we care not to think which other—who despoiled the deaths of the two lovers of all poetry and elevation.

Miss Cushman and Miss Swanborough were called for loudly and unanimously at the end of the performance, and made their appearance amid a storm of applause. Several bouquets were thrown on the stage, which Miss Cushman took up and handed to Miss Swanborough; whereupon Miss Swanborough refused to accept them, and the audience naturally applauded more lustily.

Romeo and Juliet was repeated on Wednesday and last night, and promises to become a great attraction. The pantomime is still running a merry race.

HARMONIC UNION.

The first meeting of the society took place on Wednesday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms. The oratorio was the *Creation*: the principal singers consisting of Miss Stabbach, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss. Herr Molique took the post of conductor, vacated by Mr. Benedict; and a more accomplished substitute for that eminent musician could hardly have been found. Why the Harmonic Union left Exeter Hall and went to the Hanover Rooms, we are unable to say.

The first concert was not very promising. The weather was unpropitious, and the orchestra did not possess that strength contemplated by the directors. The cause is alluded to in another part of our impression.

The novelty of the evening was the first appearance in public of Miss Stabbach since her return from Germany. Our young English *soprano* had met with no small share of success on the Continent, and came home with an increased reputation. The music of the *Creation* is well suited to Miss Stabbach, who has a pure *soprano* voice, and sings with much taste and judgment. Of her performance, the air "In verdure clad" was the best. She gave it with much sweetness, and with a quietude of expression which greatly enhanced its effect. Mr. Lockey sang "In native worth" admirably, and Mr. Weiss, with his fine voice and manly style, gave due effect to the air, "Now Heav'n in fullest glory shone." The absence of some of the *materiel* of the orchestra somewhat dashed the general performance, although Herr Molique, by the point and vigour of his conducting, did all in his power to compensate for the loss. The room was not more than half full.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

THE "Farewell Night" of the new or supplementary season on Wednesday was not the least interesting of the series. The programme was well selected and varied with judgment. Nor was it the least significant of M. Jullien's popularity—since, in spite of the storm of snow and the intense cold, the theatre was crowded in every part. Perhaps on no former occasion have these entertainments proved so successful. Much must be referred to the combined engagement of two such artists as Mad. Pleyel and Herr Ernst; something to the increasing taste of the public for the "good" music which M. Jullien has even latterly more than ever presented in his nightly entertainments; and last, not least, to M. Jullien's own compositions, which give a marked character to the programmes. That the feeling for good music was a prevailing one, was demonstrated by the success of the Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn Nights, which brought crowds after crowds to the theatre. The removal from Drury Lane to Covent Garden, it was generally considered, would prove detrimental. But the after season at the Royal Italian Opera was merely a trial, the result of which has surpassed expectation. It is probable that henceforward M. Jullien's concerts will always be held at Covent Garden.

The programme on Wednesday evening included the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, the *allegretto* from Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), and the *scherso* from Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. These were the "classical" features—reminiscences of those more grave occasions when the works of the great masters were made the special attraction. The selection was from the *Prophète*; the quadrilles were the "Grand Allied Armies" and the "American," two of M. Jullien's best. Mad. Pleyel executed Kalkbrenner's Fantasia on *Il Pirata*, and, being enthusiastically encored, substituted a part of Thalberg's *Don Pasquale* fantasia, which she played with no less surpassing grace and brilliancy. The impression the great pianist has created at M. Jullien's concerts cannot be forgotten. Mad. Pleyel played every night for more than three weeks, and on every occasion with, we believe, hardly one exception, obtained encores. Her success was almost unprecedented. The other solo performers on Wednesday night were Herr Koenig, whose fine tone was exhibited in his own *Valse d'Adieu*; and M. Wuille, who, by his performances this season, has proved himself one of the most accomplished of clarinetists. It is to be regretted, however, that his *répertoire* was not more extensive.

Madame Anna Thillon sang in her most fascinating manner the charming *Ronde Bohémienne* from Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Mr. Sidney Pratten's new lively ballad "Say yes," both of which were applauded, and the latter encored. In addition to the "Moldavian Schottische" and the "Sleigh Polka," a new galop was introduced for the first time, entitled "Vive L'Empereur," which M. Jullien composed expressly for the *Bal Masqué*. The galop is both ingenious and entraining, as the French say. Its name alone would recommend it at the present time. The galop, however, stands in need of no extraneous recommendation. It was received with unanimous applause. A striking effect was produced by the members of the orchestra chiming in at the termination of the first phrase with the words "Vive L'Empereur," which was much to the taste of the audience, who lent their own voices to give force to the sentiment.

The audience were delighted with the concert, and gave M. Jullien a hearty greeting at the end.

[Of the *Bal Masqué* last night we have only time to say, that the theatre was tastefully decorated, and the crowd immense.]

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Madlle. Jenny Ney, from Dresden, is engaged for the ensuing season. The *scrittura* of Sig. Tamberlik is renewed. M. Bataille, from the Opéra-Comique, is secured, in order to play his original part in *L'Etoile du Nord*.

A CURIOUS VIOLIN.—Prinz, in his history, assures us, that about the year 1649, Lord Somerset invented a new kind of violin, which had eight strings instead of four; and that, in the hands of a master who knew how to avail himself of its advantages, it was productive of very extraordinary effects. To the truth of this Kircher bears witness.

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE adjourned annual meeting of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society was held on Monday, in the Cotton Sales-room; Mr. Hardman Earle in the chair. From a report issued by the committee, it appears that on the 30th June, 1853, Mr. Wm. Sudlow, the late secretary, had in hand, of the moneys of the Society, £557 12s. 5d. On the following 31st December, Mr. Sudlow had to account for this money to his committee, and he did this by entering in his cash-book as "paid" a corresponding amount of accounts which were in fact not paid. No examination of vouchers, however, appears to have been made, and Mr. Sudlow seems to have at once availed himself of this laxity, and on the 30th June, 1854, he had appropriated additional moneys, making the defalcation £1,558 2s. 6d.; and on the very first day of the new half-year, the 1st July, 1854, a cheque was drawn for £450, which amount Mr. Sudlow also appropriated. Upon this, Messrs. Banner and Son, the professional accountants, who agreed to go through the accounts, remark that—

"No cause appears to have existed for such a cheque, and there is no minute in the proceedings of the finance committee to guide as the reason for that amount being drawn. The result is a loss to the proprietors of £2,424 14s."

That is to say, Mr. Sudlow has been able, within a period of a year and a half, to retain and appropriate nearly one-half of the income of the Society without discovery. The report goes on to say:—

"Though the Society has been defrauded of the substantial results exhibited in the accounts, they furnish strong grounds for hope and encouragement. The profits of the Society have been steadily on the increase, having amounted during last year to £996 8s. 11d., being about double what was calculated upon to come in aid of the calls, so as to extinguish the debt by the year 1858. Thus it may be reasonably hoped that the only pecuniary effects of this vexatious event will be to postpone for two or three years the final liquidation of the debt, through the growing prosperity of the Society, without making any further demands upon its members, beyond the instalments which still remain to be called up. Immediate measures must be taken for the reconstruction of the staff of the Society; and it has occurred to the committee that it may be desirable to combine the choral and instrumental departments, and to place them both under one head."

At the meeting on Monday, several gentlemen expressed themselves highly dissatisfied with the committee and the officials of the Society, and it appeared, from the questions asked and answered, that the gentlemen who signed their names as to the correctness of the accounts merely did so to oblige Mr. Sudlow, and that so great was the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Swainson, the treasurer, that that gentleman never saw the bank-book since June last. With respect to Mr. Sudlow, it was stated that there was no prospect of any of the moneys being repaid by him, and that two legal gentlemen had given an opinion that, as he was a partner, no proceedings could be taken against him. It was also stated that Mr. Sudlow received £300 a year, as honorary secretary, but that out of that he had to pay £200 per annum for a clerk and office expenses, and that the other £100, and £12 more, had last year been spent by him in travelling and other expenses connected with the Society. His own business had been ruined by his devotion to that of the Society; and, at the great festival, he was five weeks in London, making arrangements. After a lengthy discussion, a new committee was appointed, and power given to them to procure the services of a gentleman who would fulfil the duties of secretary and treasurer, and give ample security for their due performance.

The following balance-sheet may convey to your readers some idea of the many duties that are necessarily involved in the conduct of a musical society on a large scale. Having considered it, they will probably be inclined to give greater credit to the lucky manager who succeeds, and extend a larger amount of charitable compassion to one who, like Mr. Sudlow, gets lost in an inextricable labyrinth whence there is no practicable issue:

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT OF THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, 31st Dec., 1854.

Dr.	EXPENDITURE.	RECEIPTS.	Cr.
Band, Organist, &c.	£1483 14 0	Proceeds of Extra Tickets..	£638 2 6
Principals	898 12 0	Books of Words..	85 10 0
Choristers (Female) ..	175 0 0	Transfer Fees ..	35 15 0
Librarian	82 10 0	Nomination Fees ..	11 5 0
Interest on Mortgage ..	289 14 6	Use of Hall ..	132 10 0
Rates	199 11 8	Extra Concerts..	1128 16 4
Gas	81 7 1		2011 18 10
Insurance	67 3 0		
Engineer	52 0 0		
Housekeeper	61 2 0		
Ditto Disbursements	5 11 9		
Water Rate	14 4 0		
Coals	38 12 7		
Charwoman	61 19 6		
Refreshments	81 2 8		
Police Attendance ..	7 4 0		
Hire of Music and Instruments	45 14 0		
Tuning Organ	5 5 0		
Bill Posters and Posting	40 12 6		
Advertising	97 9 6		
Stationery	90 17 6		
Cleaning and Repairing Carpets	5 13 5		
Registrar	7 7 6		
Law Charges	22 11 7		
Cleaning Flues	4 3 0		
Repairing Awning ..	3 0 10		
Plumbers' Work	15 12 0		
Iron, &c., Work	12 0 5		
Slaters', &c., Work ..	15 18 9		
Joiners' Work, including new Refreshment Tables	120 7 3		
Upholsterers' Work ..	16 1 2		
Gas Stove for Saloon ..	6 7 0		
Office Expenses, by Vote ..	300 0 0		
Music	157 15 1		
Porters' attendance at Concerts, Postages, and Petty Expenses	90 8 2		
Balance	996 8 11		
	£5,725 2 5		£5725 2 4

Audited, HARMOD BANNER & SON,
Liverpool, 26th January, 1855.

LIQUIDATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.	RECEIVED 1854.	Cr.
Second Call on 48 Boxes at £12	£576 0 0	
Arrear of Mrs. Ashton for 1853, as shown in statement of last year	8 0 0	
Second Call on 659 Stalls, at £2	1318 0 0	
Less paid in advance in 1853, and credited in statement of last year	12 0 0	
	1306 0 0	
On account of Third Call for Stall 225	2 0 0	
Arrears of 1853	16 0 0	
In anticipation of 5 Stalls	42 10 0	
	1366 10 0	
Sale of One Box	100 0 0	
Ditto Nine Stalls, at £18 18s.	170 2 0	
	270 2 0	
	£2220 12 0	

Audited,
Liverpool, 26th Jan., 1855.

HARMOD BANNER & SON.

GENERAL BALANCE SHEET OF THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, 31st Dec., 1854.

Dr.	ASSETS.	Cr.
Concert Hall account, Balance, including Furniture, Library, Organ, &c.	£16,213 11 3	
Bank of Liverpool, No. 2 account	784 7 5	
William Sudlow	2,424 14 6	
	£19,422 13 2	
		Cr.
Royal Exchange Fire Insurance Company Mortgage	£10,000 0 0	
Vocal Classes Balance "Book Account"	3 1 5	
Liquidation Account, 31st December, 1853	£3434 19 11	
31st " 1854	2220 12 0	
	5,655 11 11	
Philharmonic Society, Balance 31st Dec., 1853 ..	1308 18 6	
Deduct Balance of Accounts received and paid, together with Liabilities still outstanding incurred prior to that date	237 13 3	
	1071 5 3	
Profit and Loss Account, 1854	996 8 11	
	2,067 14 2	
Bank of Liverpool "General Account"	476 2 9	
Tradesmen's Accounts	978 18 2	
Lady Choristers	74 1 6	
Band	167 3 3	
	£19,422 13 2	

Audited,
Liverpool 26th January, 1855.

HARMOD BANNER & SON.

Among the candidates for the vacant post of treasurer and secretary ready to give ample "security" for the faithful discharge of the duties comprised in the double post, we are informed, is Mr. J. H. Nightingale, a well-known Liverpool journalist and dramatic author, whose familiarity with musical affairs is notorious.

SCRAPS FROM AN AMATEUR'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

THE ORIGIN OF LA SONNAMBULA.—It is curious to remark how a drama may travel unappropriated over the world, before it ultimately assumes the form of a play. The plot of *La Sonnambula* affords a remarkable proof of this. The occurrence upon which it is founded took place early in the present century in Scotland, and was related many years ago during a promiscuous after-dinner conversation, by the Ettrick Shepherd. "The lassie," said Mr. Hogg, "whose nocturnal propensity to ramble had brought her into so serious a scrape, was the daughter of a Scotch baillie who carried on a considerable traffic with a mercantile house in the West of England, through the medium of a travelling clerk, with whom he was periodically accustomed to settle his accounts. The day of reckoning came, and with it the bagman, and the settlement was so satisfactory to the baillie that he insisted on the bagman's staying all night, as the weather threatened. To accommodate the guest, the young daughter, a girl of eighteen, was sent to sleep in a small chamber which was seldom occupied, and her room was given to the young clerk. Some time after the family had retired to rest, he was sitting in a loose wrapper, again inspecting his accounts and assuring himself of their correctness, when the bed-room door was opened and the girl walked in; and, going up to the table at which he was seated, put her candlestick down, placed the extinguisher upon the light, and got into bed. The astonishment of the bagman was only quelled by observing that the fair intruder was fast asleep, and with a sense of honour and of gentlemanly feeling which reflected the highest credit upon him, he instantly retired, made his way into the parlour, where he slept on a settee till the morning, leaving his chamber in the occupation of his host's daughter. Fortunately the first person he saw the next morning was the baillie himself, and he explained the cause of his appearance by relating the facts: at the same time, from a sense of delicacy towards the young woman, he desired to be allowed to depart without recalling to her mind by his presence the awkward situation in which she had been placed. The baillie would not suffer it; and not only insisted on his remaining to breakfast, but that Jeanie should make her appearance also. Jeanie, on waking in the morning, soon found where she was, and a very few words set her right as to the dilemma in which she was placed. She was a fine, wholesome-minded young woman; and although she felt acutely the difficulty of her situation, she made no opposition to her father's wish that she should come down to breakfast. The moment she entered the room she walked up to the young traveller, who was as much confused as herself: she put her hand with ingenious frankness into his, and said, "You must come again soon and fetch me home, for now I'll marry none but you." The clerk looked first at the blushing girl and then at the baillie, who, though taken by surprise, played his part in this little drama with true poetic justice, for the marriage took place within a fortnight of that day."

A HIGH VOICE AND A HIGH PRICE.—The celebrated Italian soprano singer, Lucrezia Agujari, who, towards the end of the eighteenth century, sang at the Pantheon, London, was engaged there at the enormous salary of one hundred guineas a night, for singing only two songs at each concert. When she arrived in England, Lucrezia Agujari was no longer young, and her voice then did not extend without effort more than two octaves, viz., from the A above fiddle G, to A in alt. In her youth, she could sing more than an octave higher; and Sacchini used to declare he had heard her ascend to B flat in altissimo with ease. This extraordinary singer died at Parma, in 1783.

ALBRECHTSBERGER.—This master, a native of Kloster Nambur, and born in the year 1736, is worthy of being recorded, not only

as an excellent organist, composer, and author of a learned treatise on composition, but as the master of Beethoven, and the occasional adviser of Haydn. From the situation of singing-boy in the place of his birth, he removed to the Abbey of Moels, where he conducted a school. In the meantime he practised on the organ, and studied composition under the tuition of Monn, the court-organist; and was soon himself appointed organist of Raal. In 1772 he obtained the appointment of Court-organist, and member of the Academy at Vienna; and subsequently became the chapel-master at the cathedral of St. Stephen in that city. This able musician, and learned and ingenious contrapuntist, died in 1803, leaving behind him a great number of compositions, and a work which has been translated in French, and the soundness and utility of which will long secure it a place among the superior treatises on the science, in which, by his judgment and penetration, he had rendered himself so conspicuous.

MUSICAL IMPROVISAZIONE.—It is worthy of being placed on record, that in the summer of 1824 three extraordinary improvisatori were exhibiting their several powers—Pistrucci in London; Sgricci at Paris; and Signora Taddei at Naples. While the two first were giving proofs of the wonderful promptitude of their imaginations, and ready powers of expression, both in verse and prose, Signora Taddei was manifesting not only her never-failing fancy in lyric poetry, but also in melody. Unpremeditated verse and extemporaneous music were shown to be equally within the scope of the genius of this new sybil, who would not only adopt, as subjects, whatever stories or incidents were suggested by her auditors, but would deliver her ideas in any metre that they prescribed, and apply to her language a melody, the time or measure of which should be dictated at the moment.

ORIGIN OF THE OPERA.—There have been many opinions as to the time when the establishment of the Opera was first attempted. It is, however, generally allowed to have originated with Rinuccini, a Florentine poet, who composed a musical pastoral, called *Daphne*. The merit attributed to this piece induced its author to write the opera of *Eurydice*, which was represented at the theatre of Florence, in the year 1600, on the marriage of Mary de Medicis with King Henry the Fourth of France. The music to both these pieces was composed by Jacobi Peri.—An opera, entitled *L'Orfeo*, *Favola in Musica*, composed by Monteverde, was performed in 1607, and is supposed to have been the first that was ever printed. The structure of this drama is very unlike that of the modern opera. In the performance of it, the accompaniment of the whole orchestra was seldom required, the airs sung by the performers being sustained by instruments of various kinds, as assigned to each character. To the overture—which was a short prelude, eight bars of alt-breve time in length, and which was directed to be played over thrice before the drawing up of the curtain—succeeded the prologue, consisting of five speeches in recitative. The purport of this was to declare the argument of the drama, to excite attention, and enjoin silence. The opera then began with a speech in recitative by a shepherd, which was immediately succeeded by a chorus of five parts in counterpoint, directed to be sung to the sound of all the instruments. Other choruses were directed to be sung to guitars, violins, and flutes. There were no solo airs; but recitatives, choruses, ritornellos or symphonies, duets and trios, made up the whole of the opera, which concluded with a Moresca or Moorish dance.

WHY THE MUSES WERE CALLED PIERIDES.—Pierus, a rich man of Thessaly, was the father of nine daughters. They were all musical, and so vain of their talents, that they presumed to rival the Muses in song, and challenged them to a trial of vocal skill. The contest ended in the entire defeat of the daughters of Pierus; and their audacity was punished by the transformation of the whole nine into magpies. It was supposed that the victorious Muses afterwards assumed the name of the conquered daughters of Pierus, and commanded themselves to be styled "Pierides," on the same principle that Minerva caused herself to be called "Pallas," she having slain the giant of that name. Some, however, are of opinion, that the Muses were called "Pierides," either because they were natives of Pieria in Thessaly; or that they resided on Mount Pierus.

MUSIC AND PAINTING.—Music and painting are associated by intimate relations—relations which have their source in poetry, the parent and the bond of all the fine arts. As one operates on the organ of sight, the other speaks to the sense of hearing; but to the soul and to the fancy both address themselves. If their means be different, their object is the same. The purpose of either is to please, to move, to refine, and to conduct its admirers to virtue by the path of pleasure. Music depicts with sounds, as painting speaks in colours. The last imparts thought to objects; the first lends a voice to sentiment. They reciprocally borrow each other's language, so that, by means of a fraternal exchange, painting has it tones—music its lights and shades; and both one common harmony in their compositions. So entirely are they sisters, that each of them, in a manner, ornaments and perfects the sensation produced by the other. An interesting, pathetic, or terrific situation is never more vividly felt than when the two arts have combined to enforce its representation.

EARLY PSALMODY.—Psalm-singing was first introduced in the reformed religion by the Dissenters, and has hitherto been more used by them than by the Established Church. But their great aversion to anything resembling Popery led them to abandon every kind of what was then called "curious singing," and, of course, they would not allow to their worship the embellishment of any musical instrument. Psalmody flourished so far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, when it was the custom for the parish clerk to set the tune by the sound of an old brass candlestick, upon which he rapped his knuckles to give the key. As their puritanical stiffness wore off, the candlestick was gradually supplanted by a pitch-pipe; and about the year 1650, a still greater innovation took place in the introduction of a bass-viol—an instrument which never had been heard before in any place of public devotion.

CHARLES BURNET, Doctor in Music, was born at Shrewsbury, in 1726. He commenced his education at the grammar-school of his native town, whence, for its completion, he was removed to Chester. Fond of music from his infancy, and often going to hear the service in Chester Cathedral, his attendance was noticed by Mr. Baker, the organist (formerly a pupil of Dr. Blow), who advising his father to make a musician of him, he was placed under that master's instruction. Dr. Arne happening some years afterwards to visit Chester, he was so struck with his talents as to be induced to persuade the young man's father to send him to London; where he arrived in 1748. After three years tuition under Dr. Arne, he became a candidate for and obtained the place of organist of St. Dionis Back-church, Fenchurch Street; and in 1749, took the organ part in the new concert established at the King's Arms Tavern, Cornhill. About the same time, he was applied to by the managers of Drury Lane Theatre to set to music a comic opera entitled *Robin Hood*, which succeeded so well that the following season he was solicited to compose the pantomime of *Queen Mab*, a piece that so delighted the public, as to continue a favourite for more than thirty years. His health about this time being in a very indifferent state, he was advised to leave London, and accordingly went to Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, in which place he was chosen organist, and during his three years' residence in that town formed the design of composing a general history of music.

In 1760 Mr. Burney returned to London, re-established in his health, and displayed his genius in several much admired concertos, which he composed in that and the following year, and in 1766 produced at Drury Lane Theatre a translation of Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, with the original music. He then took, at Oxford, his degree of Doctor of Music. In 1767, resolving to inform himself of the state of music abroad, he travelled through France and Italy, and in 1771 published his *Musical Tour*. The next year he visited the Netherlands, Germany, and Holland, the interesting particulars of which were also given to the public; and soon after the appearance of which he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society.

His visitations to all the principal musical establishments in Europe, together with the researches he had made in his own country, and that sagacity and penetration for which he had long been remarkable, highly qualified him for the great

task he had contemplated at Lynn Regis; and no sooner was it known to be in actual progress, then half the sovereigns of Europe, and the learned of every nation, subscribed to the forthcoming work. The first volume of his "General History of Music" appeared in 1776, the second volume in 1782, the third in 1787, and the fourth in 1788. The great Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of Händel, taking place in 1785, it was intimated to the Doctor that the King would be pleased at seeing a history of that noble performance. He accordingly gave an account in a quarto volume, one copy of which was liberally presented to every musician who had assisted on that splendid occasion. In 1796 he published the life of Metastasio in three volumes quarto. He afterwards wrote "The Cunning Man," "An Essay towards the History of Comets," and "A Plan for a Public Music School."

While his literary labours spread his name through Europe, his musical productions added to his mental honours. He published solos for various instruments, sonatas for the harpsichord, with violin and violoncello accompaniments, and a piece for two performers on one pianoforte, the first production of the kind. For many years Dr. Burney resided in the house (No. 36, St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square,) formerly occupied by Sir Isaac Newton. During the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life, he was organist of Chelsea Hospital, where, besides a handsome salary, he had an elegant suite of apartments; and where he died, in May, 1814.

VAUDEVILLE THÉÂTRE AT PARIS.—This theatre derives its appellation from the nature of the pieces of which its entertainments consist, which are generally short, interesting dramas, with the introduction of a song (the Vaudeville), about every three minutes. This song, as ancient as Charlemagne, is a kind of rustic ballad, that borrows its name from Vaudeville, a Norman town, where dwelt Oliver Bassel, the inventor of this description of air.

HAYDN'S CREATION.—In the evening of the 23rd of May, 1853, though very weary, C. persuaded me to accept an invitation to hear the *Creation*, at Exeter Hall, performed by the London Sacred Harmonic Society. The Committee had kindly reserved the North Gallery for us, and when we went in, Mr. Surman, founder and for twenty years conductor of the oratorios, presented me with a beautiful bound copy of the *Creation*. Having never heard it before, I could not compare the performance with others. I heard it as I should hear a poem read, simply thinking of the author's ideas, and not of the style of reading. Haydn I was thinking of—the bright, brilliant, cheerful Haydn—who, when complained of for making church music into dancing tunes, replied, "When I think of God, my soul is always so full of joy that I want to dance!" The *Creation* is a descriptive poem—the garden parts unite Thomson and Milton's style—the whole effect pastoral, yet brilliant. I was never more animated. I had had a new experience; it is worth while to know nothing to have such a fresh sensation.—*Mrs. Stowe's Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.*

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The *Creation* was performed on Wednesday night, and attracted a pretty numerous audience despite the severity of the weather. The solo vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. Donald King, and Mr. H. Phillips. The oratorio was preceded by Dr. Elvey's new cantata, the solos given by Mr. Dyson. There is no work more familiar to the members of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, or more immediately within their resources than the *Creation*, and consequently a thoroughly satisfactory performance is always anticipated. Nor were the subscribers disappointed on Wednesday night. The oratorio was performed in a manner highly creditable to the Society and to Mr. Surman, the zealous and indefatigable conductor. Of Mrs. Sunderland's singing we cannot speak too highly. She was in her best possible voice, and gave the airs "In verdure clad," and "On mighty wings," with great purity, and true devotional feeling. If Mrs. Sunderland sang always as she did on Wednesday night, she would be entitled to rank with the very highest of our English singers. The remainder of the performance calls for no particular notice.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. NEATE begs to announce that he intends, in the course of next month, to publish an Essay on Pianoforte fingering, chiefly as connected with expression. Price 10s. to subscribers (whose names must be addressed to the author, No. 2, Chapel-street, Portland Place), and 15s. to non-subscribers.

MISS BLANCHE CAPILL (Pupil of Louis Leo—Voice, Mezzo-Soprano), Professor of Music and Singing, 47, Alfred-street, River-terrace, Islington, where letters respecting pupils or engagements may be addressed.

MR. H. COOPER, Concert Agent.—Professors and others giving Concerts in Town or Country, may be supplied with Vocal and Instrumental Performers on applying, by letter, to Mr. Cooper, No. 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MR. H. C. COOPER, who has just returned to Town for the season, gives lessons on the Violin, accepts engagements to perform Solos, lead Quartets, &c., &c.—For terms apply (by letter) to Mr. Cooper, No. 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MISS MILNER, Vocalist (Soprano), will be happy to accept engagements to sing at Oratorios, Concerts, &c., &c.—For terms apply to Mr. Cooper, No. 44, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

MRS. PYNE GALTON begs to inform her friends and the public, that she receives pupils at her residence, No. 14, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, where letters respecting engagements will be received.

WANTED, a Small Finger Organ with Foot Pedals swell, and about three or four stops, not exceeding £20. Address G. F. F., 8, Clarence-road, Kent sh-town.

MR. FRANK BODDA begs to inform his friends and pupils he has returned to Town after his Provincial Tour, and that his Vocal Classes will commence the second week in February. No. 2, Nottingham Terrace, York Gate, Regent's-park.

GRAND UNION BAGPIPES.—A beautiful set, fitted up in ivory, for sale, the property of a gentleman who does not play the instrument. Price £8 5s.—Apply at 10, Upper Cumming-street, Islington.

MR. CHAS. SALAMAN'S MUSICAL LECTURES, "On the Ancient Keyed-Stringed Instruments," and "On the Invention and Development of the Pianoforte," will be delivered by him at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 15th and 27th March.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS AT CARMARTHEN.—Mr. Shackell (Lessee of the Assembly Rooms, Carmarthen), begs leave to announce that a Grand Concert will be given for his benefit on Wednesday evening, Feb. 7, for which occasion he has secured the services of the eminent pianist Mr. Brinley Richards, who will visit Carmarthen expressly for this Concert. The Carmarthen Musical Society has kindly promised its aid. Mr. Brinley Richards will play his celebrated arrangements of "Rule Britannia," "Partant pour la Syrie," "The Recollections of Wales," "La Reine Blanche," and also several of Mendelssohn's most admired "Lieder Ohne Worte."

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP, by Mr. MARTER, at the Writing Institution, 93, Farringdon-street, Fleet-street, City.—Persons of any age (however bad their writing) can, by taking Eight Lessons, speedily acquire a rapid and well-formed style of Penmanship, adapted either to business, professional pursuits, or private correspondence, at 1s. 6d. per Lesson, or the Course of Eight Lessons for 10s. 6d. Arithmetic and Book-keeping practically taught in all its branches. Short-hand taught in a few lessons. Separate Rooms for Ladies. Prospectuses to be had at the Institution.

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3. The Musical Doings of the past year.
4. Complete List of Music published throughout the Kingdom between 1st of January and 31st December, 1854.
5. Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers, throughout the Kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.

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